

OUR DUMB

Animals





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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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A Scientist Speaks

WE talk much today about living in a scientific age. Over and over again we are also told that the hope for the future lies in an ever-enlarging education. Little is heard from the heads of American educational institutions of what might be called the profounder needs of our present civilization, of those moral and spiritual values without which no nation ever was or ever can be great. True, we owe much to science, and we owe much to those educational forces which have given America a place in the world of intellect.

But if ever this land in which we live needed to realize that something more than science and something more than the training of the human intellect was needed, it is today.

It is long since we have read wiser words than those among the last spoken by Charles P. Steinmetz, and words which both scientist and educator and political leader, as well, should ponder. He was no preacher, no professor of moral philosophy, but one of America's leading scientists, a marvel of his day as a student of some of the mightiest forces that rule in our physical world—and this is what he said:

"Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history . . . Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been touched. When this day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has in the past four."

E. H. H.

Our Letter Box

Animal Captivity

Referring to your request in your March issue asking for comments on the keeping of animals in captivity, I agree with Mr. Strange that no animal should be put on display whether it be in a zoo or a circus, on the stage or anywhere else. This is especially true of wild animals, many of which are rapidly becoming extinct because of the depredations of man. I would like to quote to you something that Harold W. Fairbanks once said: "The most important thing we can do to bring wild creatures back again is to let them alone." That is my credo, too, and I hope that your magazine will lend its support to such a campaign.

—Enid Wellborn

Under the title, "Methodist Opinion," the writer of a letter in your March issue expressed his opinion against zoos. Where else would our children learn about the wild creatures whose natural habitat is not in their immediate vicinity? Furthermore, statistics show that these animals live longer than do their brothers who live in the wilds. I believe that zoos are beneficial to mankind.

—Joseph Walters

We know a lot about dinosaurs, but not from seeing them in captivity. As for living longer, perhaps they do, but are they as happy and are they serving the purposes for which they were created?

Ear Cropping

Three cheers for Dr. Edwin J. Frick and for *Our Dumb Animals* for printing his opinion of the cropping of dogs' ears. Since reading his thoughts on the subject I have more respect for the veterinary profession. After all, ear cropping is such a useless operation, merely to satisfy the owners' style-conscious emotions. Why sacrifice the fidelity and trust of a dog just so that he can be entered in some senseless dog show that certainly doesn't benefit the poor animal in the least? This, to say nothing of the discomfort caused by such an operation and its after-affects.

—Nathalie Johnstone

"Mac"—with a Mouthful

By Wilbert N. Savage

THIS isn't a strange dog from some fabled land of long ago. It is manly, amiable "Mac," a springer spaniel owned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Anderson of Hubbardston, Mass.

Mac appears to be vending oranges in a peculiar fashion. But actually he's holding three regulation tennis balls in his mouth—a feat that is just about as easy for a dog as juggling that many balls would be for a man.

The remarkable feature of Mac's act is that he was never trained to hold the balls. He just picked the stunt up and perfected it so thoroughly that today he attracts admiring audiences and camera fans.

In placing the balls in his mouth, Mac has to use the right technique. He picks up one ball, works it back to one side of his mouth, then repeats the process, and finally picks up the last ball and fits it in between the other two.

The outermost balls are held in place only by good balance and no tomfoolery with such legendary things as shadows on water. If Mac drops a ball he appears irked at himself, picks it up industriously and proves that ground squirrels aren't the only creatures with cheeks that expand.

Sometimes, Mac will gloss over an act of comic mischief by secretly picking up the balls and poking his head around a corner near his master as if to say, "This fixes things up, doesn't it, Pard?"



Mac shows how his trick works.

A.M.A.H. Needs Help

ONCE again we are appealing for help in the purchase of vitally needed equipment, both for our Hospital and for other branches of our work for the prevention of cruelty. Such items as we list in this column are either in common use in the treatment of sick or injured animals, or are equipment which will expedite this care to the best advantage of the patients.

We sincerely hope that our friends will find it in their hearts to contribute one or more of these items:

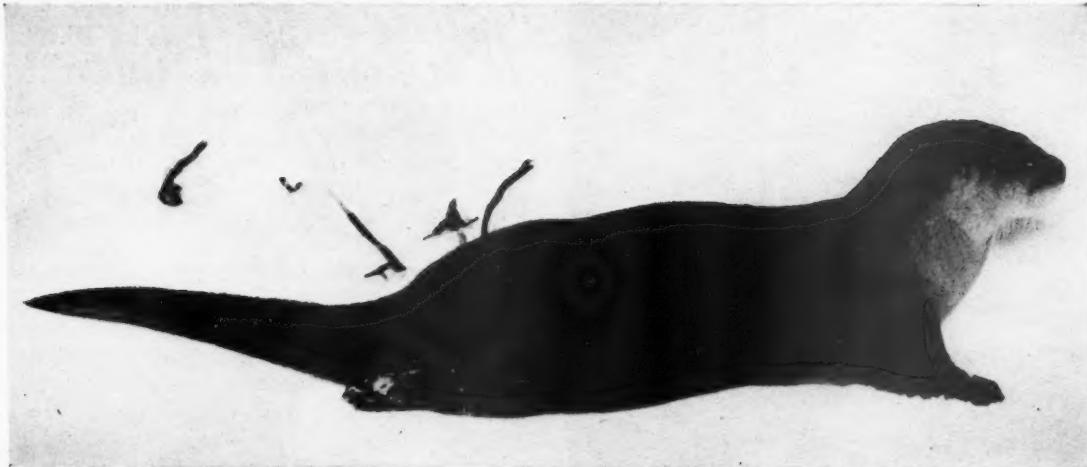
●
LANTERN SLIDE CABINETS—There is a pressing need for two of these cabinets for the storage of x-ray and smaller slides for permanent filing and ready access. Many of these slides are used for teaching purposes and are indispensable for such undertakings. These cabinets will cost \$210.50 for one and \$98.20 for the other.

●
CAMERA—One 30-millimeter camera to be used to photograph examples of cruel and abusive treatment of livestock. This camera is needed by our Livestock Loss Prevention Department in the pursuit of its drive against cruelty in the livestock business. Such pictures will be invaluable in proving that abuses do exist and in correcting present bad practices. Such a camera will cost approximately \$150.

●
SCISSORS—As one might expect there is a constant need in any hospital for scissors and more scissors. They are used for so many things that there never seem to be enough pairs to go around. These are the stainless steel variety and cost \$4.50 per pair.

●
PENTOBARBITAL SODIUM POWDER used in anesthesia is also in constant use in our surgery. It is an item which must always be plentifully stocked and the cost per ten pounds is \$24.30.

●
Contributions to defray these many expenses will be gratefully received. Please address your gifts to the Treasurer, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.



Here is a gay buffoon of the woodlands and streams whom—

You "Otter" Know

By Hamilton L. McNichol

PERHAPS you've tramped winter's fastnesses in a region of streams and as you poked along, reading or guessing an interpretation of many signs of birds and beasts, you've run across a puzzler! Four dog-like prints, a gully of swooped snow, as though someone had swung a broom through its surface, then paw marks again and another swoop. If you've seen this and wondered, then you have seen the cross-country trail of an otter.

In fairness to the otter and more especially to yourself, you ought to know him better. Quaint distortions persist about otter. This dusky-brown character with the tan vest is worth knowing. He may strike you as a hybrid of an oversize, obese mink and a blunt-faced seal with his ungainly three or four feet of india-rubber length. But once you've seen his hump-backed leap flow into a delicate "belly-whopper" to glide several times his length, you'll marvel. He'll plow snow with his head and thrust his rear legs upside down to trail behind him.

Or, better yet, you may see him snoop into every fascinating cranny, stump or thicket. If so, you'll have to watch closely, for down-timber and brush will soak him up like a jungle suit blends into foliage.

If you possess the slightest trace of humor, then he'll roll you in the aisle

(a forest aisle, of course) with his impish antics. He'll jump in gleeful foolish leaps, chase himself, dive under the snow and play peek-a-boo.

This gay buffoon of the woodlands and streams survives on the fringe of settled country because he is shy and wary. Even as he bounds and slides cross-country, he'll stop abruptly to arch his neck and peer about and listen. His vision is 20-20. Under water he closes his slit-like nostrils and folds of skin protect his close-set ears, but these faculties can snap open in a flash for instant scent or sound.

Fish nets, large predators and a long

gestation period play havoc with his numbers. His six-lobed lungs permit him to remain under water for five minutes. Being a strong and ardent swimmer, he frequently dives into nets with fatal result. Otters do not produce their young until they are three years old. If they do not become a statistic during this interim, then they must carry their young better than ten months before giving birth. This slow-paced life cycle invites Nature's accidents and predation.

The final hurdle in the race for survival is man—well-meaning, sometimes misinformed man, who is certainly skeptical of old theories, but still believes that the otter play havoc with fish merely because Izaak Walton said so a long time ago.

Actually, although the otter does consume some fish, he also eats enough other enemies of fish so that actually he comes out as a real conservator of our fish supply.

In any event, this chary creature is worth cultivating if possible. He'll lope and swim fifteen to thirty miles in his rounds. Although he isn't adverse to daylight travel, he does prefer the night. So, perhaps your chances of seeing him are better at the crack of dawn or as the smoke of twilight oils the waters. Listen for his sociable chitter and look for that amusing seal-like head. That's the otter, you "otter" know.





Photographer Eugene W. Ahrens took a 6,500-mile motor trip out West last summer with his seven-year-old pet, "Pudgie." They took hikes through the mountain regions and needless to say Pudgie enjoyed himself hugely although he did get tired occasionally and had to take a snooze as shown in the above picture which was taken from the mouth of a tunnel through Ptarmigan Wall, Glacier Park, with Mt. Wilbur in the background.



Pudgie, making it pretty obvious that she wants some food. After all, a dog has to stop some time for a little sustenance and right here with Idaho in the background and Hell's Canyon in between seems like a good place.

"Gee! Am I ever glad the fence is there!" Those are Pudgie's sentiments as she peers into Hell's Canyon from Hat Point, Oregon. Actually she seemed rather unimpressed at the Deepest gorge in North America.

"Pudgie" Visits The Far West

Photos by Eugene W. Ahrens



"This is as far as I go," says Pudgie, looking into the chasm stretching far below Nez Perce Peak, one of the "smaller" summits in the Grand Tetons of Wyoming. Apparently Pudgie didn't like the looks of all those snow patches on the mountain side.



THE little girl pictured on the front page of our local newspaper was smiling, but the shadows in her eyes told of pain and suffering long endured.

According to the "Report," her name was "Bobby" and for the two years just past, she had been a patient in Children's Hospital. She was home now, so went the article, and doing nicely, but it would be a long time before she could leave her bed.

During the summer, according to the writer, Bobby had found interest in her brother's and sister's activities, but now that they were in school, the eight-year-old's days were long and very lonely. Would those who had time, the "Report" concluded, drop Bobby an occasional letter or card?

A letter was such a small thing to do for a sick child, but what could one write about that would be of interest to so young a correspondent? Discussing the matter at lunch time, Uncle Oliver suggested I tell her about "Mr. Blue," "Buddy," "Sheila" and our newest acquisition, "Charlie," the duck.

I began with a rather lengthy account that had to do with Mr. Blue's finding a newborn lamb, deserted by the herders when they moved the flock to fresh pastures—of how we brought it home, fed it on a bottle and nursed it through a series of "lambsy" ailments until it was old enough to give away.

The following week I told her about Charlie, the lone duck—how he stood for hours before our glass front door talking and squabbling with his reflection, until in desperation, we bought a mate for him.

I had written perhaps a dozen letters when one day there came a reply, signed by Bobby's mother. The little girl, she wrote, liked hearing about our animals very much and begged almost constantly to be allowed to see them. Would it be too much trouble to bring Mr. Blue for a visit with the child?

Of course it wouldn't be too much trouble, I answered, and the following week, Mr. Blue, bathed and wearing his best silver-studded collar set out for his first sick call.

Bobby's eyes glowed like stars when we walked into her room.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said, scarcely above a whisper, her pale little hands gripping the quilt until the knuckles showed white through the skin, "and I wanted to see Mr. Blue so very much."

"Well, here he is," I laughed and commanded Mr. Blue to say, "hello" and to offer Bobby his paw.

Mr. Blue did more than that. In one leap he was on the bed—something he almost never does at home. For a moment, he sniffed at Bobby's face and hands, then, as though approving of her wholeheartedly, fairly threw his paw at her.

"Oh, he likes me!" Bobby cried, hugging him. "He really likes me!"

"Down!" I ordered, embarrassed by Mr. Blue's bedside manner. "You'll get hair all over everything . . ."

"Let him stay," Bobby's mother said. "Bobby hasn't shown so much enthusiasm since she came home. Mr. Blue is good for her . . ."

Mr. Blue thrives on affection, and with Bobby petting and cramming him with jelly beans, he was in canine heaven. Of course, the beans stuck to the roof of his mouth, and when he used his paw to loosen them, Bobby all but went into hysterics with merriment.

Laughter always incites Mr. Blue to act the clown, and rolling over on his back, he kicked his feet in the air. Then he stood on his head and rolled his eyes, finally climaxing his act by digging in the bedclothes for pretended sweets.

"Mr. Blue"

Goes Calling

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue looked Bobby over, then in one leap was on the bed.

"It's high time we were going," I said, red of face and pulling Mr. Blue off the bed, while Bobby, with tears of mirth running down her cheeks, collapsed on the pillow.

"I don't know when I've laughed so much," Bobby's mother said, wiping her eyes. "This visit has helped me as well as my little girl. Do come again soon, won't you?"

For six months now, Mr. Blue has taken time out to visit his greatest admirer.

"I'm going to get well awfully fast now," Bobby told me on our last call, "because Daddy's promised to get me a dog just like Mr. Blue—that is, if he can find one."

"He's sure to find just the right puppy for you," I said mysteriously. "I practically guarantee it." And to her mother I added, "Unless 'Topsy,' our neighbor's spaniel fails us, there should be a whole litter of 'Baby Blues' in a couple of weeks.

Squirrel Outwits Forester

By Elmer W. Shaw

THE squirrel is a better judge of tree seed than most foresters. Since I am a research forester myself, this is a rather embarrassing admission on my part, but I am convinced that it is true.

In order to determine the amount and quality of seed produced in a stand of timber, foresters use seed traps such as the one shown in the picture. These traps are merely screen-enclosed boxes that allow the tiny seeds to fall through the mesh when the cones overhead begin to open. At periodic intervals the accumulated contents of the trap are collected and examined. After the seeds have been accurately counted, then each seed is cut open with a razor blade to see if it is likely to grow. Foresters often have to use actual germination tests to find out just how good the seed really is.

But for the squirrel, the process is far more simple. It seems he has an uncanny way of knowing the good seed from the bad without resorting to com-

plicated statistics or scientific testing procedures. I found fascinating evidence of this when I examined the contents of a seed trap last winter. The trap contained 27 seeds dropped through the screen by a squirrel as he sat on the edge of the box feasting on a Douglas fir cone. His judgment was infallible. For, when I cut the seeds with a razor blade, all 27 were empty or undeveloped—in other words, no good. Apparently the squirrel had eaten all the good seeds and left only the bad ones for the forester!

According to the naturalists, this particular squirrel was probably a Douglas chickaree—a close relative to the red squirrel. Scientifically he goes by the name: *Sciurus douglasii douglasii* Bachman.

I am sorry we could not get a picture of this clever animal, but the squirrel outwitted both the forester and the photographer.



Photo by Lee Merrill

A clever squirrel has upset scientific seed studies for the baffled forester.

Is "Skippy," "Skippy?"

By Ivy Ellen Moore

IN LATE OCTOBER, a small spunky black dog, part bulldog, but mostly Labrador, ended an 1800-mile trip that reunited him with his beloved master and mistress, at Morris, Minn.

Eight months before, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Fossen, of Seattle, Washington, decided to move to Morris. They thought "Skippy" would be happier if left in a familiar environment, so they gave him to a neighbor before leaving Seattle. This neighbor was a 12-year-old boy named Norman Wald, who had always loved Skippy and wanted to take care of him.

But who understands the heart of a dog? In a few weeks, the neighbor wrote, saying that Skippy had disappeared, and though he had searched everywhere, there was no trace of the dog.

It took Skippy about eight months to cover the 1800 miles between Seattle and Morris, Minnesota. His paws were all cut and bleeding, and he was so bedraggled, that he was forced to beg at the door for almost an hour before the Fossens recognized him.

Fossen is a Marine Corps veteran, who had been hospitalized near Seattle, and moved to Morris in February to become assistant manager of a store there.

The proof that Skippy *was* Skippy was assured to the Fossens when he greedily ate his lettuce and tomato salad. He had always been very fond of this delicacy.

Learned college professors, dog fanciers, heads of veterinary clinics all over the country argued pro and con, "Is Skippy, Skippy?"

Mr. Fossen, himself, had no doubt about it, and said, "Skippy shall have all the lettuce and tomato salad that he can eat for the rest of his life." Mrs. Fossen too, was sure, and said that Skippy should have a lifetime home.

In the meantime, Skippy had made a TV appearance on Station WTCN, Minneapolis. He received a very beautiful dog collar, and a year's supply of dog food. Mayor Eric Hoyer of Minneapolis, awarded Skippy an honorary dog license for the "doggedness" he displayed in returning to his master.

Skippy still expects to go to New York for another TV appearance, but he does not expect to WALK. In fact, who could blame him if he were to insist on the most deluxe Pullman transportation, private bedroom and everything?

Antics Of a Duck

By W. K. Sonnemann, Jr.

SHORTLY after the noon fire whistle, the streets poured with hungry home-bound children. As usual, the neighborhood calm would be broken by excited voices, the impatient clattering upstairs and the slamming doors.

Add to the chorus a varied assortment of neighborhood dogs who both welcomed their own young masters and cast their warning to passersby, and one has the noon picture in my home town.

My house wasn't any exception when the doors slammed and the dog barked, but for a little variety, I had a pet Peking duck named "Buttons" who, without fail, issued a resounding welcome that told the neighborhood I was home.

The pet duck idea came from a movie and the next day my parents were popped with the familiar "May I have?" It wasn't much later and the entire family was gathered around a waddling creature hardly larger than the egg she emerged from the day before.

With her infinite capacity for worms and other food, she was a constant amazement. For her antics, such as chasing beetles, she was a steady laugh; and as she matured, she developed a personality which made her a family pet whose latitude of activities extended her far beyond her back-yard pen.

She traveled in the car and on our outings in local parks, she would strut like a Swiss guard as she led the family along the walks and garnered attention from the hundreds of other ducks. Then, as a distinguishing touch, she promenaded on the back of the boat from where she could cast about as she preened herself.

Perhaps one of the most dramatic episodes in her life was when her wings became more than sprigs and she considered taking to the airways. Unfortunate as it is, nature didn't see fit to make



Flanked by her young owners, Bill and Emily, Buttons surveys the lake from her platform in the boat on a Sunday outing.

Peking ducks aerodynamically sound, but it was only with experience that she discovered her misfortune.

She initiated her flying course with several daily four-foot practice hops which bounced her along at a full six inches above the ground. After several weeks of practice, she decided to take the big jump and climbed to the top of a five-foot pile of dirt in the garden.

Not unlike a plane's pre-flight engine rev-up, she surveyed the area and flapped her wings in anticipation. She did make an awesome take-off, but at five feet above the ground, she discovered her wings wouldn't hold. Her flight ended as she came thundering down in an unceremonious crash that skidded her on her crop and stopped her in an ungraceful heap of ruffled dignity.

Perhaps one of her most unusual habits was her insistence on being carried from her pen to where she roosted at night. She could easily walk from

her pen through a hole in the garage and often did during the day, but she stood firm on being carried to her roost at night.

In the evening after my paper route, I supplied her roost with clean paper and then went to her pen door where she stood. From there I had to take her out of the pen and carry her through the front of the garage to her roost where she could have walked herself in half the distance I carried her.

Occasionally, however, I would be delayed until well after dark. But instead of roosting in spite of my tardiness, she would remain out in the cold and the later I was, the louder her protests. Finally as I did put her to roost, she would calmly settle down with a shake of the tail and a soft peep.

Her versatility extended to many other activities which included riding in my bicycle carrier, swimming expeditions with the boys and she was even domestic enough to lay six eggs a week.



A World Pays Tribu

SELDOM has so much tribute been paid to a man of peace, for such a man was Dr. Francis Harold Rowley, who for thirty-five years was President of our two Societies and for the next seven was Chairman of our Board.

Hundreds of daily papers carried news of his passing and press association releases circulated this story to papers all over the country—many publishing editorials about his life and work. Letters and telegrams of condolence poured into our office!

To illustrate to a sorrowing world just how this great man was loved and respected we are reproducing on these pages as many of the messages as possible. We quote the following editorials:

From the *Boston Herald* under the title, "Early and Late":

When Dr. Francis H. Rowley stood on the far Longwood Avenue sidewalk mornings in 1915 and watched the progress of his brick and limestone memorial to another humanitarian, Dr. George Thorndike Angell, he suffered the unuttered qualms of a pioneer with a purpose. Will it be a white elephant, he wondered of Angell Memorial Hospital, not knowing its ministrations would soon bring mercy and relief to all animals, elephant or ewe? Have I ruined the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he thought, saddling it with a building whose operation had no precedent?

The fears proved idle. Long before 42 tireless years as president and then chairman of the Society ceased with his own life span of 97, Angell Memorial had national renown. If it is a memorial to Angell, it is a monument to Rowley.

But his efforts and fame spread far beyond hospital walls. Humanity throughout the world became the life work of this doctor of divinity who had a physician for a father and another for a son. Correspondence with the corners of the earth in the preservation and care of living things filled his five-day working week into 1952.

Not animals alone, but people and children of all ages knew the Rowley kindness, the meticulous yet simple prose, the instant conversational response with five and 15-year-old mind, alike.

Last autumn he had a 10:30 appointment in the office that was a second home. At 10:32 the short, staunch figure stepped alertly from the elevator—a concession after 35 years of climbing the stairs. "I'm sorry to be late," he said, "I'm almost never late." In his conception and practice of life as a service to others to the end of 97 years he made a point of being early.

From the *Fitchburg Sentinel*:

When Dr. Francis H. Rowley died in a Brookline hospital yesterday the domestic animal world lost one of its best friends. His interest in creatures was manifested over a long period, in words by which he pleaded their cause, and even more effectively by deeds as president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. which also is the operating society of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in Boston, conceded to be the world's very best.

Dr. Rowley was a remarkable man, devoted completely to the humane cause he had served from 1910, when he became head of the M. S. P. C. A., through the rest of his long life. He was in his 98th year when death overtook him, and although he retired as president in 1945, he remained as chairman of the board and retained an active interest in the society's operations, at the great hospital, in its several branches established under his regime and by his efforts, in its extensive prosecuting work, and in its financial structure.

One who had known him over a long period, and who saw him on occasional hospital visits, could see no change in his wonderful spirit, or detect a falling off in his grasp of society affairs, as time went on. It was largely because of his grasp of the manifold problems of the society that he was able to surround himself with a staff that is conceded to be without a superior anywhere, a staff that was always loyal to him. His interest in and consideration for humans and animals moved evenly through his conception of a way of life, a life marked by many honors and deep admiration. He was a remarkable man.

A tribute to Dr. Rowley

"A Great Humanitarian," says the *Boston Record*:

Thirty years ago President Calvin Coolidge, commenting on the work of the nation's humane societies, said: "Whatever they have done for animals, they have done vastly more for the men, women and children of America in developing a spirit of compassion justice and love."

In this great public service, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, dead at the age of 97 and active to the end, was outstanding.

As president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and later as its board chairman, he inspired decent laws and kindly practices that will make his name a synonym for progress as long as our Commonwealth endures.

In the passing of Dr. Rowley, we have lost a close and cherished friend.

From the Brookline Citizen:

Dr. Francis H. Rowley who died last week had a life span well beyond the proverbial three-score and ten. His ninety-seven years were filled with service to humanity and animals.

Ordained a minister, he devoted nearly fifty years to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. During his long tenure as president, the society expanded its work and the Angell Memorial Hospital, pioneer animal hospital, was established and flourished.

Playing major roles in many humanitarian causes, Dr. Rowley also reared a family whose members have all distinguished themselves. His full and long life was a model of service to others.

Said the *Springfield Republican*:

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who recently died in Boston at an advanced age, was highly regarded here and throughout the Commonwealth for his active leadership in humane and charitable endeavors. While he was perhaps best known as chairman of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. he also had been an officer in such valuable organizations as the Boston Children's Friend Society, the Massachusetts Bible Society, and several hospitals.

An active Baptist minister for many years, Dr. Rowley exemplified in unusual degree the fundamental Christian spirit. Devoting a large part of his life to easing pain and suffering among the lower creatures as well as among human beings, he set a pattern of worthwhile service that should be followed, more often than it is, by all of us.

From the Milford (N. H.) Cabinet:

Dr. Francis H. Rowley died a week ago today in a Boston hospital. He was a rather wonderful man and I regarded him as one of my best friends. So did many hundreds of other men; also horses, dogs and animals of all kinds, by the thousands.

Dr. Rowley was 97 years old last August and he looked, acted, and I believe, felt, like a man of 67. For 35 years from 1910 to 1945 he was president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., the American Humane Education Society and the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Since 1945, he has been chairman of the board. These are only a few of the humane and charitable organizations to which Dr. Rowley devoted his thought and strength.

"He Loved Our Pets," said the *Boston Post*:

The passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who spent a large share of his long lifetime in the service of animals, is marked with keen regret by the many whose pets he caused to be restored to health. For 35 years he served as president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. His broad-visioned leadership resulted among other things, in the construction of one of the best equipped animal hospitals in the world, the Angell Memorial on Longwood Avenue. Many animals could they but speak, might well add their tribute. He accomplished greatly because his love for God's dumb creatures was great. His fame was world wide.

The Worcester *Gazette*, under the title "A Leading Humanitarian," said:

A life dedicated to service and kindness has come to a close in the death of Dr. Francis H. Rowley. Until 1945 Dr. Rowley had been president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., a position he took

in 1910. Since 1945 he had been chairman of its Board.

The period of Dr. Rowley's service in the cause of humane treatment of animals has seen great advances, not only in hospitals devoted to their care, such as the beautiful Angell Memorial Hospital at the Society's headquarters, but also in the general attitude of the public toward the subject. People are more prompt in seeking medical advice for the ailments of their pets or work animals. No longer are they given the casual care that was almost indifference. Abuse of an animal calls forth a general indignation whereas within the memory of older people, protesters were regarded as being a little odd.

To these altered attitudes Dr. Rowley made great contributions of leadership as an individual and as head of an organization whose agents have for many years been persistent in enforcing the humane laws that it was largely instrumental in securing.

Dr. Rowley's life, as a Christian Minister and as an active humanitarian, was a good life. He came to the end of it at the age of 97, and he commanded the respect and blessing of all who knew him.

Many persons in high places sent word expressing grief at Dr. Rowley's death. From the Honorable Leverett Saltonstall, United States Senator, came the following telegram:

I regret very deeply to learn of the passing of Dr. Francis Rowley. His long life was devoted to a great humanitarian cause. He will always be remembered for his work at the Angell Memorial Hospital in helping to relieve and cure suffering and illness among the animals which were loved by their owners. Not only the Hospital, but many citizens will miss this great humanitarian. Mrs. Saltonstall and I extend our deepest sympathy.

The Honorable Joseph W. Martin, Jr., United States House of Representatives, sent this message:

With sincere regret, I learn of the death of Dr. Francis H. Rowley. He was deeply devoted to noble activities of the S. P. C. A. His death is a great loss to the cause he served so faithfully.

The Honorable Paul A. Dever, Governor of Massachusetts, extended his sympathy in these words:

I was very sorry to learn, upon my return to the State, of the death of Dr. Rowley.

His life was an outstanding one. His humane and civic interests were many. He will be missed by all those who had the good fortune to be associated with him.

God blessed him with an unusual long life and we must now accept His will.

The Honorable John B. Hynes, Mayor of Boston telegraphed:

It is with deep regret that I learned of the passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, who for so many years served as Chairman of the Board of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. His qualities as a humanitarian, his kindness and his untiring devotion stamp him as a great American.

From far and wide came words of sympathy. The Royal S. P. C. A., of London, cabled immediately:

Please accept the most sincere condolences of the Chairman and Council of the Royal S. P. C. A. on the passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley.

And by post, a letter from Mr. A. W. Moss, Chief Secretary of the Society:

It was indeed with great regret that we learned of the death of Dr. Rowley. Dr. Rowley was one of those comparatively rare persons whose courage and steadfast defence on behalf of all suffering creatures it will not be easy to replace. His generous assistance on many occasions to our own Society is remembered with gratitude, particularly during the difficult days of the last war.

Once again may I express our sincere regret at the loss suffered by the Animal Protection Cause in the United States by his passing.

Still another cable was received from Mr. Lyndesay G. Langwill, Secretary of the Scottish S. P. C. A., Edinburgh:

Greatly regret to learn of the death of our beloved and respected patron whose kindly birthday message has been included in report now in press. Hope to be represented at funeral.

Mr. Guy Delon, Superintendent of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, Fez, Morocco, cabled:

Deeply affected by great loss. Accept expression our deep feelings of grief.

In a letter, Mr. Delon said:

I received with dismay news about Dr. Rowley's end. The postmaster took the trouble to telephone me the sad news late in the evening and long after the closing of his office.

Though I never met Dr. Rowley during his life, he was not an unknown person to me. Our late Mr. Williams told me many times what important part Dr. Rowley had played and was still playing in our organization. Be sure that many American friends whom I cannot meet are nevertheless present to my mind. That is the reason why I particularly entrust you with the care of communicating my grief to all the members of the Committee and to persons related to or interested in our work.

Cables, expressing deep sorrow were also received from both the Turkish Society in Istanbul and from its Honorary Secretary, Feridun Ozgur.

Former Governor of Maine, Percival P. Baxter, who is also one of our Society's directors, was abroad when word reached his office, but his secretary Alice M. Gurney wrote as follows:

It is with deep regret that we learn of Dr. Rowley's decease and Mr. Baxter, if he were here, would certainly want to attend the services. However, he is now abroad in France and we do not look for his return until about the middle of March.

I know that Mr. Baxter has always held Dr. Rowley in the highest esteem, and we, in his office, extend our sympathy.

From Mrs. Edith W. Balch, of Cincinnati, Ohio, came a lovely note of sympathy, expressing her deep condolence at Dr. Rowley's passing.

Mr. William T. Phillips, Operative Manager of The Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. wrote:

News of the death of Dr. Rowley was a shock. I had known Dr. Rowley from the time he became President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and had always admired his genial personality and his outstanding ability as a leader in the great cause he represented. The humane movement has lost a staunch supporter and a real friend.

And, following this, came a formal resolution adopted by the Board of Managers of that Society:

RESOLVED, That the Board of Managers of The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals records its profound sorrow and its sense of great loss through the death, on February 14, 1952, of an outstanding leader in the field of animal welfare, Dr. Francis H. Rowley. Dr. Rowley was the oldest living member of that hardy group of administrators who guided the humane movement through its growing years to an established maturity, in which it is an integral part of the American spirit of fair play and social consciousness.

Through the first half of the century, Dr. Rowley and his colleagues faced a period when the public was quicker to condemn than to support the struggles of animal welfare workers. The pre-eminence of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital stand as a tribute today to his yeoman efforts.

To the family of Francis H. Rowley and the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. we extend our deepest sympathy.

By order of the Board of Managers,

(Signed) Rutherford T. Phillips, Secretary.

The American S. P. C. A., New York, N. Y., telegraphed as follows:

The Board of Managers of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals respectfully requests you to convey to the family of Dr. Francis H. Rowley its deepest condolences. America's humane movement has lost one of its greatest and most talented pioneers and leaders.

And from General Manager Warren W. McSpadden:

It is with deep regret that I learn of Doctor Rowley's passing. The inspiration and guidance that he offered all in the cause of animal welfare will be sorely missed.

William L. Burton, Secretary of the Society wrote:

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of The American S. P. C. A. held today, the attached tribute to Dr. Rowley was included in the minutes.

Your Society and the humane cause have suffered a great loss in the passing of Dr. Rowley.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

With the passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, America's humane movement has lost one of its greatest and most talented pioneers and leaders.

Dr. Rowley's sincere interest in animals was manifested in his work at all times. Their welfare was his absorbing concern and he possessed the rare ability to convey his enthusiasm to those with whom he came in contact.

The Board of Managers of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at its meeting held February 28, 1952, extended its deep sympathy to the officers of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and unanimously voted that this tribute be forwarded to that Society and to his family.

(Signed) William L. Burton, Secretary.

A letter from President Carlton E. Buttrick of the Animal Rescue League of Boston said:

It was with sincere regret that I learned of the passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley. His death is a genuine loss to the humane movement for which he did so much.

Dr. Rowley was a worthy successor to the revered founder of your Society for the thirty-five years he served as President and more recently as Chairman of the Board. He wielded a great influence in the cause of animal protection and the field of humane education as evidenced both by the respect and honors conferred on him. Dr. Rowley's vision and energy made him known both nationally and abroad, and his long devoted and valuable service to the humane cause is a matter of universal record.

Dr. Rowley was an administrator of the highest caliber as witnessed by the growth of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. during his stewardship, and the Society's present headquarters is as much a memorial to him as to Mr. Angell, for it was Dr. Rowley's vision and efforts which brought it to fruition.

The name of Dr. Rowley will stand among the great leaders of the animal protective movement.

The officers and directors of the Animal Rescue League of Boston join with me in extending deepest sympathy.

From Sydney H. Coleman, Director of The American Humane Association, its former President and until recently Executive Vice-President of The American S. P. C. A. came the following wire and letter:

A renowned humane leader has passed, but his work lives on to bless the world.

It is a source of real regret that I cannot attend the funeral of Dr. Rowley, who if my memory serves me, took the Presidency of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in 1910, about the time I started with the Erie County S. P. C. A.

During his long and energetic life he brought our humane cause forcefully to the attention of literally millions of people. His great skill as a speaker and writer gave his message great power.

And as President of The American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, Mr. Coleman wrote:

The American Fondouk Maintenance Committee has lost through the passing of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, one of its founders and most enthusiastic supporters. As its President for many years and for some time past as President Emeritus he took the greatest interest in every detail of its work. The animals of Morocco have been spared much suffering because of Dr. Rowley's kindly interest.

In behalf of all the friends of the Fondouk, I extend to you and his family our sincere sympathy.

Dr. Philip Weltner, President of Oglethorpe University, where the Rowley School of Human Understanding has been founded, sent this wire:

My deepest sympathy. Dr. Rowley was truly great and a blessing to mankind. He is blessed in that his wonderful work will live after him through those upon whom he cast his mantle.

And in a following letter, Dr. Weltner continued:

I am saddened to realize that the beautiful comradeship between Dr. Rowley and yourself is now broken. We shall deeply miss him, but we owe him our gratitude both for his labors and the assurance that his work will go on.

Please convey to Dr. Rowley's associates our deepest sympathy and strength to you in these days of increased responsibility.

The Connecticut Humane Society, through its General Manager, J. Seth Jones, wrote:

I am unable, adequately, to express a true appraisal of the place Dr. Rowley held in the Humane Movement. Hastily, one is greatly impressed by the many years of service he rendered for the protection of animals and the advancement of Humane Education. However, with more serious reflection, one is able to discern that longevity is not as important as the spiritual attributes Dr. Rowley possessed. His high level of living and thinking placed him on a high pinnacle. His mark upon his profession is indelible and his impress is permanent.

Mr. Kerns Wright, President of The American Humane Association telegraphed:

Regret to learn of the passing of Doctor Rowley. He was nationally known as a leader of humane work — in fact, the Dean of the Humane Movement in the world. The American Humane Association will miss the counsel of this distinguished gentleman.

The San Francisco S. P. C. A. through its Secretary, Charles W. Friedrichs, wired:

Dr. Francis H. Rowley was Dean of the nation's humanitarians. His passing is an irreparable loss. We join in expressing our deep and sincere sympathy to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and Dr. Rowley's family.

Mr. Tom Justice, General Manager of the Columbus Humane Society sent the following telegram:

Please convey to the family of Dr. Francis H. Rowley and to the Board, our deepest sympathy in Dr. Rowley's passing.

From Mrs. Katrina V. Kindel, Director of The American Humane Association:

Please extend my sympathy to the family of Dr. Francis H. Rowley. He has left a great heritage to them and to his fellow workers in the humane movement. We shall all miss him.

Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, formerly Chief of Staff of our Angell Memorial Hospital wrote from his home in New Ulm, Texas:

Your telegram advising me of our friend and benefactor, Dr. Francis H. Rowley's passing away, reached me this evening.

We have lost a great friend and I can realize how much you will miss his inspiring companionship and counsel. I only wish that I could be present to pay my last profound respects to so great a humanitarian.

The Western Pennsylvania Humane Society through its Secretary, William F. H. Wentzel, expressed the following sentiment:

For want of knowledge of nearest of kin, we choose to recognize the American Humane Education Society as closest to the life and interests of Dr. Francis H. Rowley in whose passing we evaluate more than the loss of a great leader, but console ourselves with the confidence that he shall live in the minds and hearts, and in the constructive service of hosts of others activated and inspired by his dynamic and enlightening influence.

We truly miss him, and thus justify our condolence to the inner circle of those who shared with him the blessing of personal intimate ties.

His consideration and gracious interest, along with encouragement in time of need and the lift to revitalize hope and ambition to serve, speak volumes to me, personally. Much that has been my pride and joy of my modest success in education for humanity must be credited to Dr. Rowley's interest and generous initiative.

I covet the wisdom to pay tribute on this occasion of sorrow, or more genuinely this fitting time for rich memories and for worthy devotion to the cause so abundantly blessed by the long span of notable service of the late Dr. Rowley.

A letter of sympathy was received from Mrs. Marguerite D. Ravenscroft, of Santa Barbara, California and from a dear and old friend of Dr. Rowley, Mrs. Sadie H. Damon, of Williamsburg, Mass.

Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, long a friend and co-worker wrote:

I know that everyone is mourning today. Dear, delightful gentleman, powerful but gentle! He knew how to encourage folks.

He has had a really splendid life, full of deserved honors, but I think today is his very happiest day.

With warm sympathy to those old friends who worked with him so long and loved him, as I do.

From Miss Frances E. Clarke, New York City came this word:

This is just an informal word of deepest sympathy for you in the passing of our beloved Dr. Rowley. I have waited to express my sympathy to you till the first heavy days for you and for me had passed.

From Mrs. Helen G. Dow, of Salem:

As one who has known Dr. Rowley through the years, not intimately, but admiringly, I wish to express to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., the organization he loved and served so whole-heartedly, the sympathy I feel at his passing. It was a long, active and honorary association he maintained.

It is good to know that the work will go on in the same spirit he radiated and that his memory will be kept alive through the years to come.

From Mrs. Mary E. Lyon, Riverhead, N. Y.:

I was very sorry to learn of the death of Dr. Rowley. He will be sorely missed by his associates in humane work who have lost a beloved friend and leader, and by the world at large that has lost a great humanitarian. You have my sincere sympathy and I wish you would extend my sympathy also to his family.

From Mrs. William Lyman Underwood:

I was with you in spirit this sad afternoon at the services for my beloved old friend, Dr. Francis H. Rowley. How I shall miss his kind help out of animal troubles! He has been my dear friend for so many long years and he never failed to help me out of difficulties.

Only a few weeks ago I wrote him a letter of one 90-year-old to another, and he wrote a reply which I have read over and over again. It was wonderful that he could go to the Society every day and keep busy at his advanced age.

You all have my deep sympathy in your great loss.

From Mrs. William E. Putnam, Milton:

What a noble hour this is, as so many of us feel our busy minds hushed and our hearts uplifted in love and admiration of Dr. Rowley.

To you I send my heart's deep feeling for the emotions which now surge in your breast. And again I remind you of our faith.

From a dear friend, Mrs. Betty Nissen Kubicki:

What a great shock to read of Dr. Rowley's passing. At this moment I call to mind many of my previous visits to him as a child and later on when I grew up, and of his great kindness to me. He was without doubt the best friend I ever had during the most difficult periods of my life. I am afraid that I am hopelessly indebted to a great man whom I shall never see again.

A letter and a telegram was received from Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, of Atlanta, Georgia:

The passing of Dr. Rowley is a great shock to me. My sympathy goes out to his family and to the organization. The world has lost a great man. God bless his memory.

From John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia:

I am very grateful to you for letting me know of the Home Going of our friend Dr. Francis H. Rowley. I feel that a world's great man has gone to sleep. In his heart and life there was the Spirit of the Christ that made him deeply interested in all life—both animal and human. He has left behind an influence that will be a blessing throughout the ages.

From F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas:

Regret the Home Going of Dr. Rowley. He lived a full and useful life for others. God bless his memory.

From President Helen J. Peirce of the Northampton Branch of our Society:

Northampton Branch M. S. P. C. A. sends deepest sympathy for loss of Dr. Rowley.

From Miss Margaret A. Alexander, former President of the Brockton Humane Society:

How wonderful that Dr. Rowley lived to such a ripe age and was able to enjoy so full a life. He will be missed, but the Society is fortunate in having had his leadership.

From Miss Louise H. Guyol, New Orleans, Louisiana—a former co-worker:

I am so glad that our dear Dr. Rowley has been released, and certainly who more than he, deserved and surely has attained, the glory of the celestial?

Perhaps you may wish a tribute from me, about my most vivid memory of Dr. Rowley—his ability to make one laugh, even at one's self, which is, after all, the most potent and healing medicine.

I used to go in, weary and often mad, and argumentative, about results of my work as a field lecturer, re-actions of some of the audiences, etc. While I would be holding forth, and thinking I was being impressive and convincing, Dr. Rowley would pass quietly from an attentive and sympathetic and comprehending listener, into a mimic—and I would realize, with a shout of laughter, that he was mimicking ME. It was a glorious gift, and I am glad I shared it.

From Mrs. Marion S. Draper, Nashua, New Hampshire:

I have lost a very loyal and true friend in our beloved Dr. Rowley. I still cannot feel he is "just away" and I can no more send my best wishes to him. I hope you will write me when he left his work "all finished" and labeled, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

From Miss Bessie L. Jones, Glendale, California:

I was much saddened yesterday by the news that Dr. Rowley has left us. His kind sympathy when my dear dog had a fatal accident was much appreciated by me. If the fantasy is true that all the stray dogs are "waiting at the gate" of Paradise for their masters, Dr. Rowley will find a crowd of grateful friends when he climbs the last long slope of the hill. He certainly lived a very useful life and I hope his work will long endure.

From Miss E. R. Sears, Boston, Massachusetts:

I do miss dear Dr. Rowley so much and I always shall. What a rare, a wonderful person he was.

From Mrs. Leon C. Damon, Williamsburg, Massachusetts:

Our dear friend's passing has left a void in my life which no one else can fill, yet I try not to think of my grief. For him it meant rest, that for which he yearned.

From Mrs. Harold L. Bolton, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts:

I want to express my sincere sympathy at the loss of dear Dr. Rowley. You will all miss him personally very much, and it is a great loss to the M. S. P. C. A. He was a wonderful man.

From Mrs. E. C. Dow, Chicago, Illinois:

Your deep regret over the passing of Dr. Rowley is more than shared by us. Possibly it is due to him that there is a Chicago Humane Education Society in existence, for, as you know, he gave us help and kindly encouragement when many members were perfectly willing to drop the charter. We do not grieve for him—his work will stand as a monument to a very great and good man—but we could ill afford to lose him at this time.

From Mrs. C. R. Walker, Hartselle, Alabama:

When I opened my April number of *Animals*, I was much distressed to see the announcement of Dr. Rowley's death, his picture and your fine and heart-warming tribute to him. Allow me to extend to Dr. Rowley's family, the staff and those various hospitals and institutions he headed and founded, my sincere and deep sympathy.

From Mrs. Lillie Kronk Lee, Goshen, Indiana:

The April number of the *Animals* magazine has brought to its readers a shock and unutterable sorrow. I, for one, have never come into personal contact with Dr. Rowley, but throughout many years have thought of him as a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. He is one of whom it may well be said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

His Christ-like love for all living creatures is something to remember always. To his fellow workers I send my deepest sympathy.

From Miss Effie E. Smith, San Francisco, California:

I am deeply sorry to learn of dear Dr. Rowley's passing and I hasten to assure you of my profound sympathy.

Dr. Rowley's life was a beautiful example of intense devotion, especially to Humane Education, the interest of which will follow and brighten the paths of those who knew him well.

This world has been made better by Dr. Rowley's presence.

From Miss Alice A. Foster, Meriden, Connecticut:

I just want to say how sorry I am at the sad news of Dr. Rowley's death. The remarkable cover-picture for the April number of *Our Dumb Animals* is very striking and the characteristically excellent editorial acquaints the public with the important announcement.

From Miss Mary B. Shearer, Baltimore, Maryland:

I was both shocked and distressed to learn that dear Dr. Rowley had left us. He was a wonderful man, and a good man, "and thou shall dwell long upon the land that the Lord, thy God, shall give thee," seems aptly to apply to him.

From the Misses Dora and Mina Pintner, Cambridge, Massachusetts:

We have just learned the very sad news of the passing of our very dear and much admired friend, Dr. Rowley. It is with great sorrow we read of his passing.

It is just one year ago we received one of his much appreciated and inspiring letters. We read it over again only the other day and did not realize this will be his last letter to us.

His wonderful work for suffering animals will be a monument to his memory and we feel very grateful when we think of all the good he has done in this very discordant world.

From Mr. E. F. Kemp, Carlisle, Massachusetts:

I feel the loss of my good friend, Dr. Rowley, very deeply—we all do. To his worthy successor, Dr. Hansen, and his staff go our best wishes for the success of the cause.

Humane Education Course

WE have on hand, at the present time, a limited supply of leaflets covering "Factual Information on Humane Education In the Lately Revised Course of Study for the State of Pennsylvania." For the approach to this problem we refer our readers to page 3 of our February issue.

These leaflets will be of great interest to teachers in outlining courses in Humane Education or nature study for junior and senior high schools. A sample will be sent on request. Please write to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Favorable Publicity

OUR readers will be interested to learn that in the March issue of *Coronet* magazine, an article entitled, "The Dog Business Is Here to Stay," mentions our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in glowing terms. The work of the Hospital is described tersely, but with such enthusiasm that, immediately upon reading it, a gentleman from New York City rushed his dog to Boston for treatment.

This article was written by Dickson Hartwell, who also authored the story, "Science Saves Your Pet," which was printed in *This Week* magazine in June, 1950.

Liberal Annuity Rates

Both of our Societies offer you semi-annually, during your lifetime, a fixed income on the sum given. Depending upon your age at the time of the gift, the rate varies from 3 1/2 % at age of 45 to 7% at age 80 and over.

Advantages

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for the future years of a loved one whose present income is temporary or insufficient.

It is no experiment,

There is no anxiety,

No fluctuations in rate of income.

No waste of your estate by a will contest.

Persons of comparatively small means may, by this arrangement, obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of unfortunate animals.

The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., will be glad to furnish further details.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Bambi" makes friends with the children at the game warden's home.

Adventures of a Little Deer

By Mary W. Craig

A FARMER found this little fawn deserted in a hideout on his farm. He carried the little fellow who was cold and starved to his home, where the family cared for it until it became strong.

After the deer became strong enough to travel, a game warden was called, and he took the animal to his home. The photograph shows just a few of the many children who came to feed and play with the deer at the game warden's home.

So that many more young people could enjoy seeing the fawn, the game warden took it to a 4-H Club Convention in a neighboring city.

Then, later, at the request of a little boy who had been a patient in a hospital for two years, suffering with polio, "Bambi" was taken to the hospital in a city about eighty miles away.

The deer is now in a park in the same city, where many children can enjoy it, and it has become quite tame.

Answer to April Puzzle: ACROSS—1. Rite, 3. Bulbs, 5. Impart, 9. To, 10. Sheep. DOWN—1. Rabbit, 2. Tulips, 4. Sore, 6. Mo., 7. Ah, 8. Tea.

"Suzie," the Raven

By Lawrence Glovitski (Age 11)

ONE summer at Winnipeg Beach a raven flew on the back of my Dad's car. I climbed up on the back fender and caught it in my hands.

I took it to my mother and she and dad fed it and let it go, but it wouldn't leave, so we took it home.

When our car drove up to our house my dog was lying on the steps. As we came out of the car the dog, seeing the raven, moved slowly toward it. When the dog was close, the raven started cawing. The dog jumped back, barking.

After we had "Suzie" a week, she would fly around the house and play with the dog and cat. For some reason, "Tommy," our cat, wouldn't touch the raven and neither would our dog, "Queeney."

When Suzie learned her name she would come when I called her and fly on my shoulder.

When school started in the autumn, she would always fly around our window and look in at the class. I taught Suzie to know my room by calling her from outside into the window side. After school was let out Suzie would wait out in front of the building, on a fence. When I came out she would fly into a tree and wait until I was up to the corner, then she would fly down on my shoulder. Even when I rode my bike she used to fly down on my head and sit till I chased her off.

Kittens and puppies should be treated kindly and handled gently. If you want your pets to love you and not be nervous, do not tease or hurt them.



"Jackie," beloved cocker spaniel of Mrs. W. V. Haas of Hartford, Connecticut, is fascinated by the new kittens. "Mama Puss" is quite contented. She knows that Jackie will not hurt her babies.

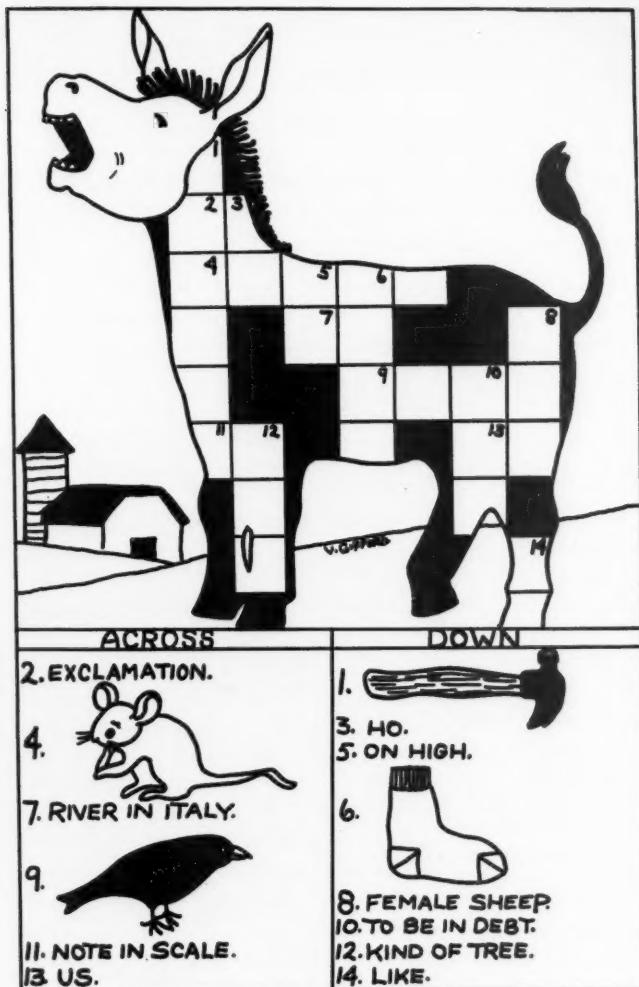
CHILDREN'S PAGE

My Cousin and Her Dog

By Alan Zagoren (Age 10)

I HAVE a cousin who is ten months old and she has a dog. His name is "Arthur." Arthur is six months old. After my cousin has her nap she gets up and plays with the dog. She walks over to Arthur and puts her head on his back. Arthur and my cousin play tug-of-war. My cousin gets a spoon and Arthur pulls one end and my cousin pulls the other end. Sometimes Arthur lets go of the spoon and my cousin falls on the floor and laughs.

I think it's pretty cute the way a small girl and a small dog can get along, don't you think so?



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Are you bringing our dinners? We're all ready.

My Cunning Kitten

By Dorothy H. Nelson (Age 13)

*I have a little kitten
Who's only two months old.
Her tail is very curly
And her nose is very cold.*

*She's into some mischief
Every minute of the day.
She lies and sleeps and purrs awhile
And then gets in the way.*

*She's the cutest little kitten
That you will ever see.
I think that she's the cutest cat
That there will ever be.*

"Nicki" Takes a Walk

By Faye M. Ball (Age 11)

A FEW days ago one of my girl friends and I decided to take my dog, "Nicki," for a walk. We went to the playground near our home so that she would have lots of room to run around. While I was coming down the sliding board I lost sight of Nicki and wondered where she was. As I reached the bottom of the chute I heard a whimper and, turning around, I saw Nicki at the top of the ladder. She had seen me climb the ladder to make my slide and must have started climbing just as I started climbing.

There'll Always Be Goats

By Jasper B. Sinclair

EVER since the goat, alias Capricorn, was honored by the ancients with a place in the Zodiac, it has shared in worldly affairs. In the early days the goatherd was almost as familiar on the rural scene as the shepherd and his flock. Goats posed a problem in the Midwest during World War II. One of the states manufactured plastic auto license plates to conserve strategic metals. The idea was commendable and patriotic—until the goats began nibbling at the plastic plates in various rural districts.

Goats are fastidious eaters. They do not eat tin cans and rubbish, although they often find the labels on the cans appetizing. The chief attraction here, from a goat's point of view, is the glue that fastens the labels to the cans.

Goat's milk is more widely used than is generally realized. There are more than five million milk goats in the United States alone. Street vendors in Taormina, Sicily, indicate that they sell goat's milk by displaying a replica of the head of the animal on the top of a staff.

The milk of goats is extremely rich and nutritious. It is frequently prescribed by doctors for sick persons. In some parts of Europe, goat's milk is popular in the making of butter and different kinds of cheeses.

Although goats live to a ripe old age they are regarded as old, for commercial purposes, when they have reached the age of from six to eight years.

The hide of the goat makes a high grade leather, its use dating back to Biblical times. The Morocco leather, well known in binding fine books, is a product of goat skin. The long silky hair of the Angora and Kashmir goats is useful in manufacturing the familiar



Champion Toggenburg doe and her proud owner.

angora and cashmere fabrics that have been marketed throughout the world for many centuries.

Think nothing of it if you happen to see a few goats roosting in trees in Morocco. The Moorish goats have a natural dexterity for climbing trees, and can make their way up into the highest branches of some specimens. They may

often be seen leaping from one limb to another some twenty feet above the ground.

A goat may still be used as legal tender in far off Timbuktu. This may account, with due apologies to Capricorn, for the origin of the term "filthy lucre." Or haven't you stood to windward of any goats lately?

A Tiny Creature's Faith By Eva Nidever

FTER bean harvest, many vines and pods litter the field. When I picked up part of a shock which had fallen from a load, a tiny field mouse ran out scattering her naked, nursing babies in every direction.

Sad over the destruction of her nest, I replaced it as nearly like it was before, as possible. Then I hunted for the baby mice, their pink nakedness making them visible against the dark loam. I replaced them in the nest, and left.

The next day, I went back to see if the mother had returned. As I neared the spot, I found another baby mouse which I had overlooked. The fall night

had been cold, and I picked it up thinking it dead. Though icy cold, its tiny heart still beat. I warmed it in my hands, wondering what to do.

I approached the nest, speaking softly. When I lifted the vine, the little mother looked up from her nursing brood—her shining black eyes looking straight into mine. I slipped the half-frozen baby in amongst the others, replaced the protective covering and walked quickly away.

From a distance, I watched. The little mother, happily reunited with her babies, was unafraid. She trusted me.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1952.

Cash prizes amounting to \$160 are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	20.00
Third Prize	15.00
Five \$10.00 prizes	
Ten \$5.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. for further details.

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Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education
American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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